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### MIDNIGHT IN CITIES.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THOSE WHO ARE AWAKE AT NIGHT.

Few Indeed Are They Who Need Be Out Till Midright, but the Criminal and Viclous Finit That Their Hour—Practical Christian Work Needed.

BROOKLY: April 9.—Rev. Dr. Tal-mage chose for his sermon today a theme of universal interest—the dark side of All trains met at Tasley and at other points when requested, and passengers conveyed to all places on Peniusula at fair rates.

chosen as the basis of a most graphic discourse wise denesis, 5, "And the darkness he called night."

Two grand divisions of time. The one of sunlight the other sold. social life in our great cities. The text

Two griefd divisions of time. The one of sunlight, the other of shadow; the one for work, the other for rest; the one a type of everything glad and beautiful, the other a ed in all languages as a type of sadnessand affliction and sin. These two divisions were made by the Lord himself. Other divisions of time may have noma clature of human invention, but the darkness held up its dusky brow to the Lord; and he baptized it, the dew dripping Tom his fingers as he gave it name, "And the darkness he called night."

My subject is midnight in town. The Located in the best gunning section on Eastern Shore of Va., and most convenient point by R. R. to many of the best oyster grounds distinctness as to attract your The tinkling of the bell of attention First-class bar and livery attached, the street car in the distance and the baying cothe dog. The stamp of a horse in the next street. The slamming of a saloud door. The hiccough of the drunkard. The shricks of the steam whistle five miles away. Oh, how suggestive, my friends—midnight in town! ANGELS OF THE NIGHT.

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps are building from which there "The perlice, the perlice." comes a latter cry which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the firstborn affere is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste, the messenger a few steps ahead hurrying on to the household. Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched and the restless tossing off of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken. Oh, the mid-night in town! What a stupendous thought-a whole city at rest!

Weary arm preparing for tomorrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen. Child-(Corn and Oats) hood with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow, and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. God's slumberless eye will look. Let one greet, wave of refreshing slumber and the state of the great town, submerging care and anxiety and worrl-

Let the city sleep; but, my friends, be not deceived. There will be thousands tonight who will not sleep at all. Go up the garroter's hug. Look through the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No footlights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no keep Chimping in the cold. no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for 24 hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told he must

go to the almshouse. THE HONEST POOR. "Oh," you say, "they are the vicious poor, and therefore they do not demand our sympathy." Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, God helps them. Throng their night there twinkles the round. merry star of hope, and through the broken window pane they see the crystals of heaven, but the vicious poor, they are more to be pitied. Their last light has gone out. You excuse yourself from helping them by saying they are so bad that he wealt this trouble on themselves. kept on hand at lowest prices. I reply, where I give 10 prayers for the innocent who are suffering I will give 29 prayers for the guilty who are suffering. The fisherman, when he sees a vessel dashing into the breakers, comes out from his hut and wraps the warmest flannels around those who are most chilled and most bruised and most battered in the wreck. And I want you to know that these vicious poor have had

fashioned ring that can be so easily wrenched from the case. Only the BOSS Cases have the No. it is not locked; it has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. The door is never locked. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now look. Beastliness and rags. See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not et 12 the hat falls off and the man utter any suspicion, if you value your

sweeps through.

What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand! Look at those two eyes rising up out of the haps better. darkness and out from the straw in the corner coming toward you, and as they come near you your light goes out.

Strike another match. Ah! this is a babe, not like the beautiful children of babe, not like the beautiful children of like the beautiful children of like fat in the cortex. Do not wake up your household, or the beautiful children falls flat in the entry. Do not wake up smiling around these altars on baptismal day. This little one never smiled; it enough. Do not let them know it. Hush zever will smile. A flower flung on an it up. But sometimes it cannot be hush-(At Fitchett's old stand near Hotel.) awfully barren beach. O Heavenly ed up—when the rum touches the brain Shepherd, fold that little one in thy arms! Wrap around you your shawl or coat tighter, for the cold night wind

Sweepe through

Strike another match. Ah! is it possible that that young woman's scarred Harness repaired, carriages and bruised face was ever looked into Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope Also agent of Excelsior bed springs has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out, heaven.

Do not strike another light. It would be mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass stop the gnawing of an empty stomach down the screet. Our cities of Brooklyn and New York and all our great cities are full of such homes, and the worst time the midnight.

THE CRIMINAL CLASSES. Do you know it is in the midnight that criminals do their worst work? were as poor and cold as I am, and as At half past 8 o'clock you will find

them in the drinking salcon, but toward 12 o'clock they go to their garrets, they get out their tools, then they start on the street. Watching on either side for the police, they go to their work of dark-ness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the store lock. This is an incendiary, and before morning there will be a light on the sky and cry of "Fire! Fire!" This is an assassin, and tomorrow morning there will be a dead body in one of the vacant lots. During the daytime these villains in our ute the tracts." cities lounge about, some asleep and some awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives, their eye keen, their brain cool, their arm strong, their foot

fleet to fly or pursue, they are ready. Many of these poor creatures were brought up in that way. They were born in a thieves' garret. Their childish toy was a burglar's dark lantern. The first thing they remember was their mother bandaging the brow of their father, struck by the police club. They began by robbing boys' pockets, and now they have come to dig the underground passage to the cellar of the bank and are

preparing to blast the gold vault. Just so long as there are neglected children of the street, just so long we will have these desperade s. Some one, wishing to make a good Christian point and to quote a passage of Scripture, expecting to get a Scriptural passage in answer, said to one of these poor lads, cast out and wretched, "When your father

In the midnight gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire. Bring on more drinks. Put up more stakes. That commercial house that only a little while ago put out sign of copartnership will this season be wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be many a money till that will spring a leak. A member of congress gambled with a member elect and won \$120,000. The old way of getting a living is so slow. The old way of getting a fortune is so stupid. Come, let us toss up and see who shall have it. And so the work g es on, from the wheezing wretches pitching ; ennies in a rum grocery up to the millionaire gambler in the

GAMBLERS OF ALL CLASSES.

In the midnight hour pass down the streets of our American cities, and you hear the click of the dice and the sharp, keen tap of the poolroom ticker. At these places merchant princes dismount. and legislators, tired of making laws, take a respite in breaking them. All classes of people are robbed by this crime, the importer of foreign silks and the dealer in Chatham street pocket away their time while the jury is out. In Baden-Baden, when that city was you tread lest you fall over the prostrate earth, it was no unusual thing the next gone so far astray I can't get back." morning in the woods around that city to find the suspended bodies of suicides. crime. The thunders of eternal destrucbling tenpin alley, and as men come out to join the long procession of sin all the drums of woo beat the dead march of a gave him my hand, and he seized it con-

> rificed at the gaming table. been smitten of this sin. Perhaps some there may be a stranger in the house this morning come from some of the hotels. who tarry around about the hotels and ask you, "W....id you like to see the city?"
> Yes. "Have you ever seen that splendid building up town?" No. Then the villain will undertake to show you what he calls the "lions" and the "elephants" around me all the time. I wish you would stop that amounts around me all the time. I wish you would stop that amounts around me all the time. I wish you would stop that amounts around me all the time. I wish you would stop that amounts around me all the time. Look out for those agents of iniquity and after a young man, through morbid hotels with sleek hats-always sleek hats

I was living in that city, an is cident occurred which was familiar to us there. In Chestnut street, a young man went into a gambling saloon, lost all his prop-erty, then blew his brains out, and before the blood was washed from the floor by the maid the comrades were shuffling cards again. You see there is more mercy in the highwayman for the belated traveler on whose body he heaps the stones; there is more mercy in the frost for the flower that it kills; there is more mercy in the hurricane that shivers the steamer on the Long Island coast than there is mercy in the heart of a gambler for his victim.

DRINKING IN ALL RANKS. In the midnight hour, also, drunkenness does its worst. The drinking will be respectable at 8 o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at 9, talkative and garrulous at 10, at 11 blasphemous. falls to the floor asking for more drink. Strewn through the drinking saloons of the city-fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, as good as you are by nature, per-

In the high circles of society it is hushed up. A merchant prince, if he the children. They have had digrace

cannot hush it up. You do not see the worst. In the midnight meetings a great multitude have been saved. We want a society to toil amid these wandering and destitute ones and kindle up a light in

Do not go from your well filled tables with the idea that pious talk is going to or to warm stockingless feet. Take bread, take raiment, take medicine as well as take prayer. There is a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to the city missionary when he was telling her how she ought to love God and serve him. "Oh!" said she, "if you

hungry, you could think of nothing A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing for the sim-ple reason it is not practical, as after the battle of Antietam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributing the tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him: "What are you distributing treets for now? There are 3,000 men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds, and then distrib-

PRACTICAL SENSE NEEDED. We want more common sense in Christian work, taling the bread of this life in one hand, and the bread of the next life in the other hand. No such inapt work as that done by the Christian man who, during the war, went into a hospital with tracts, and coming to the bed of a man whose legs had been amputated, gave him a tract on the sin of dancing! I rejoice before God that never are sympathetic words uttered, never a prayer offered, never a Christian almsgiving in-

dulged in but it is blessed. There is a place in Switzerland, I have been told, where the utterance of one word will bring back a score of echoes, and I have to tell you this morning that a sympathetic word, a kind word, a generous word, a helpful word uttered in the dark places of the town will bring back ten thousand echoes from all the thrones of heaven.

Are there in this assemblage this morning those who know by experience the tragedies of midnight in town? I am not here to thrust you back with one Take the bandage from your bruised soul and put on it the soothing salve of Christ's gospel and of God's compassion. Many have come. I see others coming to God this morning, tired of sinful life. Cry up the news to heaven. Set all the bells ringing. Spread the banquet under the arches. Let the crowned heads come down and sit at the

I tell you there is more delight in heaven over one man that gets reformed by he grace of God than over ninety and nine that never got off the track. I could give you the history in a minute of one of the best friends I ever had. Outside of my own family I never had a etter friend. He welcomed me to my home at the west. He was of splendid personal appearance, and he had an ar-dor of soul and a warmth of affection that made me love him like a brother. I saw men coming out of the saloons and gambling hells, and they surrounded my friend, and they took him at the

weak point, his social nature, and I saw him going down, and I had a fair talk with him, for I never yet saw a man you could not talk with on the subject of his habits, if you talked with him in the handkerchiefs. The clerks of the store take a hand after the shutters are put you give up your bad habits and become up, and the officers of the court while a Christian. I remember now just how. he looked, leaning over his counter, as he replied: "I wish I could. Oh, sir, I the greatest of all gambling places on should like to be a Christian, but I have

Whatever be the splendor of the sur- the day of sickness came. I was sumroundings, there is no excuse for this moned to his sickbed. I hastened. It took me but a very few moments to get tion roll in the deep rumble of that gam- there. I was surprised as I went in. I thousand sorls. In one year in the city vulsively and said: "Oh, how glad I am of New York there were \$7,000,000 sac- to see you! Sit down there." I sat down, and he said: "Mr. Talmage, just where rificed at the gaming table.

Perhaps some of your friends have you sit now my mother sat last night.

Perhaps some of your friends have you sit now my mother sat last night.

She has been dead 20 years. Now, of you have been smitten by it. Perhaps I don't want you to think I am out of there may be a stranger in the house this lay mind, or that I am superstitious; but, sir, she sat there last night just as certainly as you sit there now-the same

would stop that annoyance." She said,
"There is nothing here." Then I saw it
was delirium. He said: "Just where you curiosity or through badness of soul, has seen the "lions" and the "elephants," he will be on enchanted ground. Look out sit now my mother sat, and she said, for these men who move around the Roswell, I wish you would do better-I wish you would do better.' I said, 'Mother, I wish I could do better. I try —and patronizing air and unaccountable interest about your welfare and entertainment. You are a fool if you cannot used to help me. Why can't you help see through it. They want your money. In Chestnut street, Philadelphia, while it was reality, and I went to her and threw my arms around her neck, and I said: 'Mother, I will do better, but you must help. I can't do this alone!" knelt down and prayed. That night his soul went to the Lord that made it.

Arrangements were made for the ob-The question was raised whether they should bring him to church. Bomebody said, "You can't bring such dissolute man as that into the church.' I said: "You will bring him in the church? He stood by me when he was alive, and I will stand by him when h is dead. Bring him." As I stood in the pulpit and saw them carrying the body up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood.

in his better moments. He put on her all jewels, all diamonds, and gave her all understand the sorrow d an orphan

A TOO COMMON TRAGEDY.

On the other side the pulpit sat the

men who had ruined him. They were the men who had poured wormwood into the orphan's cup; they were the mer who had bound him hand and foot. I knew them. How did they seem to feel? Did they weep? No. Did they say, "What a pity that such a generous man should be distroyed?" No. Did they sigh repentingly over what they had charged seven. It would never do to let done? No; they at there, looking as vulher get ahead of me.—Exchange. tures look at the carcass of the lamb whose heart they have ripped out. So they sat and looked at the coffin lid, and I told them the judgment of God upon those who had destroyed their fellows.

drank. Oh, how merciless men are, especially after they have destroyed you Do not look to men for comfort or help Look to God.

But there is a man who will not reform. He says. "I won't reform." Well, then, how many acts are there to a trag edy? I believe u.c.

Act the First of the Tragedy-A young man starting off from home. Parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain

Act the Second-The marriage altar.

Full organ. Bright lights. Long white

veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation and exclamation of "How well she looks!" Act the Third-A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window pane. Marks of hardship on the face. The biting of the

nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect and cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the Fourth—Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh, what a blasting heath of three graves! Plenty

of weeds, but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. Act the Fifth-A destroyed soul's eter nity. No light. No music. 'No hope. heart. Blackness of darkness forever. But I cannot look any longer. Woel Woel I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick! Quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart rejoice in the days of thy youth, but know now that for all these things God will bring you into judgment."
"There is a way that seemeth right to a

man, but the end thereof is death.

A quaint little maid who has very decided and clearly defined notions of her own, whose home is on the North Side, close by the Lake Shore drive, and whose mamma is a communicant of St. James', recently very urgently requested that she be provided with one of "those big print Bibles that have covers that double back." She explained that she wanted to read the Bible all through, as her new Sunday school teacher had done-she had just been promoted from the infant room to the Sunday school proper-before she was 10 years old. Of course her mamma was not only willing but anxious to encourage so pious a purpose, and she got the sort of a Bible little Sue wanted. Each day for an hour or more she read

with careful attention in her new Bible. When she came to that chapter which relates how God called Adam and Eve to account for their disobedience, Sue went to her mother, and bringing her soft covered Bible together with a bang exclaimed with scornful indignation: "Do you know, mamma, that I think Adam was just as mean as he could be. He wasn't fit to speak to, and if I had been in Eve's place I never would have spoken to him again. Just think of his going and telling God on Eve after he had eaten the apple too. I don't see what made God listen to such a tattler any-

way."-Chicago Herald. A well known artist, whose studio is in New York, but whose home is in a pleasant village an hour's ride from the metropolis, promised faithfully one morning that he would do some shopping he found that he had money enough in his pocket for his lunch and no more. What to do about the shopping? Suddenly he bethought himself of an order for an illustration that he had received from a magazine. He set to work, and in less than two hours had finished the drawing, collected \$60 for it at the publisher's office and had started on the more exhaustive labor of shopping .-

New York Sun.

A Fireproof Electric W're. A wire is being introduced which possesses such fire resisting qualities that the most extreme fire tests to which it has been subjected have failed to produce any visible effects upon it. At a recent demonstration several sample boards were prepared, each having arranged upon it samples of various well known electrical wires, one sample upon each board being the new wire. All the samples had the same sized conductor and were carefully wired together into a circuit, so as to allow of their being

tested in comparison and under the same These sample boards represented 16 leading makes of insulated wires, several of them being claimed by their makers to be fireproof. A powerful electric current was then applied and main-tained until the conductor was first brought to a red heat, then a white heat and in some cases melted. Under this intense heat every one of the samples except the new wire was entirely destroyed, in several instances setting fire to the board, but in no case did sufficient heat escape through the new wire to discolor the board beneath it .- New York Tele-

A Convict's Letter. In East Greenwich there is a woman jailkeeper, whose father and grandfather kept the jail before her. So insecure was the old place that some years ago it was no unusual thing for the pris On one side of the pulpit sat his little child of 8 years, a sweet, beautiful little girl that I had seen him hug convulsively care to. To one of the prisoners who spoke of the matter of escape Mrs. Smith replied that she had asked for an appropictures and toys, and then he would go priation, whereupon the prisoner called away as if hounded by an evil spirit to for pen and ink and wrote to the govhis cups and house of shame, a fool to ernor of the state a characteristic letter, the correction of the stocks. She looked which is kept among the archives. It is up wonderingly. She knew not what it headed "East Greenwich Jail," and conall meant. She was not old enough to tinues, "If you don't send some one down here pretty quick and patch up this place for Mrs. Smith as she wants it,

I'll leave."-New York Sun. A Matter of Pride. Mr. Bingo—I don't see why you dis-charged the girl, for she was the best

servant we ever had. Mrs. Bingo-That may be, but I was over at Mrs. Kingsley's, next door, yes-terday, and she has discharged eight girls in two weeks, and I had only dis-

It is told of Governor (now Senator) Z.

B. Vance that being in a hotly contested engagement in the late civil war he saw Did they reform? I was told they were a hare between the lines running for life, in the places of iniquity that night after my friend was laid in Oakwood cometry, and they blasphemed, and they Carolina, I would run too."—Richmon?

# Attorneys-at Law,

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